Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heavy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.
2. *Gent.* Tis so, my Lord.
Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it up
Ser. I never saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetly in my sence.
2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostrill: so up with it.
Oh you most potent gods! what's heare, a Coarse?
2. *Gent.* Most strange.
Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Here I give to understand,
If ere this Coffin drive a land;
I King Pericles have lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charitie.

If thou liveſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart
That even crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.
2. *Gent.* Most likely Sir.
Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how fresh she looks,
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may usurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres beene dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.
Enter one with Napkins and Fire.
Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The rough and wofull musicke t
Cause it to sound I beseech you
The Viall once more; how thou
The musicke there: I pray you g
Gentlemen this Queene will liv
Nature awakes a warme breath
She hath not beene entranc'd ab
See how shee gins to blow into
1. *Gent.* The heavens through
And sets up your fame for ever.
Cer. Shee is alive, behold her
Cases to those heavenly jewels
Begin to part their fringes of bri
The Diamonds of a most praised
To make the world twice rich,
To heare your fate, faire creatur
Shee mo
Thai. O deare *Diana*, where
What world is this?
2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?
1. *Gent.* Most rare.
Cer. Husht (my gentle neigh
To the next chamber beare her,
Now this matter must be lookt t
Is mortall: come, come, and *E*
They carry her away.

Enter Pericles at Tharsus,
Per. Most honoured *Cleon*, I m
My twelve months are expirde,
In a peace: you and your Lady
All thankefulnesse, The gods ma
Cleon. Your shakes of fortune
Mortally, yet glance full wondr
Dion. O your sweet Queene
You had brought her hither to h
Per. We cannot but obey the

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.